

GENDERCIDE #1



MY GOD!
JUST THINK OF
THE CHILDREN!

I was walking from the bookstore to the grocery last night, contemplating the holidays and the tofu I was off to buy. I passed the window of a swank boutique and glanced up at the clothes I could probably afford but wouldn't spend money on. As usual, the menswear was ho-hum. Boring \$200 jeans and an equally lame button-down shirt. The cocktail dress, on the other hand, was fabulous. I could imagine myself wearing it, drinking a Metropolitan and and exchanging breathy, whispered conversations with my lovely femme sistahs in a swank cocktail bar somewhere.

Then reality came crashing down on me, again. I've got a boi body and a boi brain. No matter how beautiful the gown is, it won't change me into a grrrl. No matter how often the best grrls for me are dykes, it doesn't change the fact that

they usually won't sleep with this type of boi.

Fortunately, there will be no pity party here. I walked on into the mist, driven by the thought of tofu and brown rice and greens with lots of garlic. I made a note that I can love the beautiful clothes, kick ass boots, and shiny baubles but in the words of the oft-incarcerated George Michael, "sometimes the clothes do not make the man."



I am often saddened by parts of my boy body. Surprisingly it's not my cock, which I'm usually OK with. But others aspects drive me crazy. It's a matter of perception - how I perceive myself, and how I would like others to perceive me. One of my lovers has similar issues, but from an entirely

WHEN SECONDARY SEX CHARACTERISTICS ATTACK, LEARN HOW TO FIGHT BACK !

different perspective.

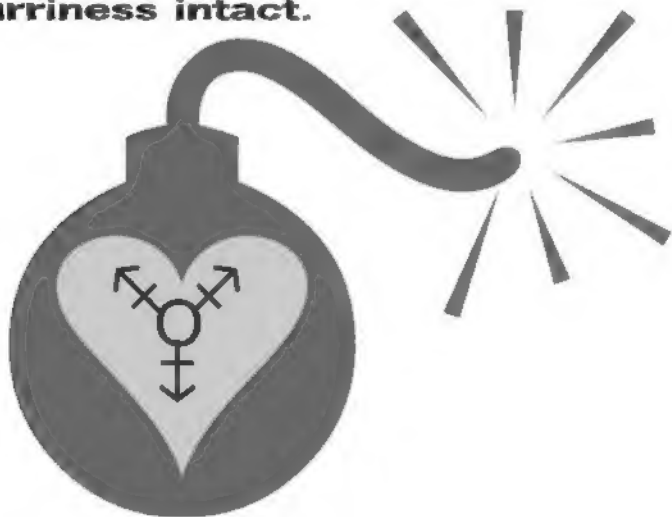
We both use items to alter that perspective, but it doesn't change who we are in our own heads. For me, running razors over my skin to keep it hairless, taking the time to get bits waxed, and using makeup to hide or amplify work pretty well.


For hir, it's about binding down, packing up, and lacing tight.

While these are good and viable cosmetic solutions, it doesn't change the fact that ze is "just that way." Ze speaks hir mind, tends to be rough and tumble, and has no problems with the dirt under hir nails and the bike grease on hir chin. I, on the other hand, while equally self-assured about things, would prefer to be demure, keep clean, and generally be treat others and be treated gently.

I love making love to hir in part because I want hir curves. I desire the physical softness ze possesses while ze pins me to the futon and makes me suck one of hir many cocks. In my mind I can't imagine that ze'd want my form for hir own, but

that's just because I don't particularly want it myself. On the other hand, I'm a boi with a boi's body. I'm not trans in my own mind, and I acknowledge it. Ultimately, I don't know what I desire for myself, or what I want to be. I guess mostly I want us to be happy and secure in the knowledge that we love and are loved. That includes taking us on with our insecurities and gender-blurriness intact.





FUCK YOU,
MOM. I WON'T
WEAR A DRESS!



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